

## NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

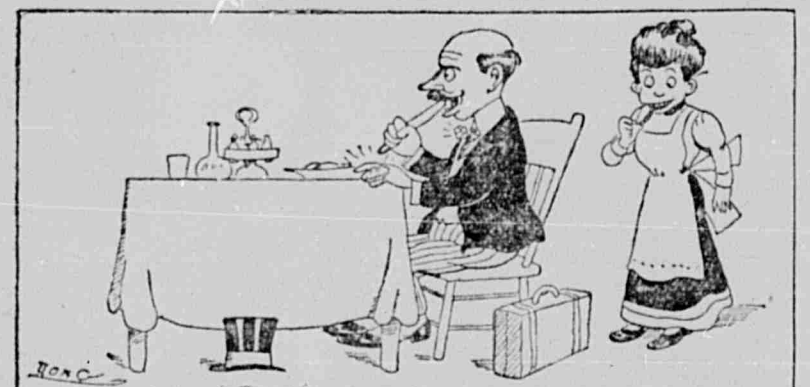
By Irvin S. Cobb.

OUT in the provinces—stop right here a minute, gentle stranger, and think of the nerve of a town that has just discovered roller-skating calling the rest of the country the provinces—anyway, out in the provinces they play this tipping game with a limit. Also the ante is not so large. West of Pittsburg when the jewelry drummer with the large marquis ring on the little finger of the right hand gives the dining-room girl a whole half dollar she bites it to see if it's good money, and then goes to spread the news that one of them Vanderbilt boys is in town. And in the one-night stands the barber doesn't get the extra dime unless he shaves the back of your neck and tells you that the one you had with you at the Indian medicine show on Main street last night was about the peachiest thing he ever seen in skirts.

True, in the provinces they are but a simple, uncouth people, having few metropolitan instincts. They would rather read about rate-bill legislation than the arrest of Mock Duck. There are even some of them who glance at the San Francisco headlines before they turn to the sporting page to see what the joints did yesterday to the Philites. But they have the moral courage not to pay for a thing unless they get it.

Once there was a man out West—near Buffalo, N. Y., in fact—and he went to the Pythian dinner, and when he was through they brought him a finger-bowl, and he sat there ever so long wondering what had become of his goldfish and trying to figure out why they gave such blame-fool souvenirs and how he was going to get his home without spilling it, or breaking it, or something.

But if the waiter handed that man a fresh-laid egg that the hen had



been carrying around in her system too long he would say sharp things to the waiter, and when he left he wouldn't give the waiter anything to remember him by except a piece of his mind. How different here in the metropolis, where we enjoy all the advantages of the ever-tip system!

By the time a man has lived here three months he contracts an incurable case of tip-ebow. This disease is something like pen paralysis, only more expensive. It came originally from England, where it has existed for many years, but in a milder form. The infallible symptom is an upward crooking of the elbow, forcing the right hand into the pocket where the victim keeps his small change. The attack always comes on when departing from a cafe, barber shop, manicure parlor, telephone booth or railroad train. It is agonizing at first; eventually the patient gets used to it.

The average New Yorker starts the day right by giving a dime to the elevator boy and a quarter to the janitor as a reward for services which they are supposed to perform and don't. At the grocery he presses a coin into the palm of a clerk who is paid by the grocer to wait on him. At luncheon he bestows divers pieces of silver upon a waiter who brings him food he didn't order, cooked in a way he doesn't like. At the theatre he tenders a small token of esteem on an usher who leads him by a painful route to the wrong seats.

But if the aged apple woman charges him two cents for a one-cent pippin his roar of protest may be heard for blocks.

### THE FUNNY PART.

His explanation being that he objects to being robbed of his money.

## HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by  
Nixola Greeley Smith

## WHICH IS THE PURSUED SEX?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



witch though she be, it is the only running water the man-catcher may not cross.

He realized in extreme youth what few men do till time and sad experience have seared it upon their souls—that is, that man in all his strength and power and glory is but a feeble fish ready to swallow the first brilliant fly swung by woman's skillful hand in his direction.

Bernard Shaw has christened man the pursued, woman the pursuer. This is scarcely accurate. One cannot say that the flypaper pursues the fly. It doesn't have to. It just stands perfectly still and looks very sweet and gooey, and the first thing the fly knows he is wriggling helplessly in enveloping syrup.

As children we very generally reflect on the silliness of flies. We can understand, to be sure, how the first fly was caught. There was nothing to warn him. But how the second fly, perceiving the first enmeshed victim, can pursue his doom, and the third and the fourth and the hundredth, is only explained when we grow up and watch one man after another come under the iron yoke of matrimony.

Man is not pursued. He doesn't give us time to pursue him. We simply weave for him the web of dream and hope and illusion, and all smiling in the midst of it. The least enterprising spider scarcely needs a puller-in. Sometimes, to be sure, man is the spider, we the flies, or at least, we think we are. But it behooves us either as spiders or flies to be afraid.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### A Safe Cure.



stove over a gentle heat if you choose. You should have water to form a jelly-like mixture when cold. To use, first wet the hair thoroughly with clear,

warm water, then rub the soap mixture into the hair, taking care that every particle of the scalp is thoroughly saturated with the soap mixture. Give the head a good shampoo with this mixture and rinse several times. If you follow these directions correctly the result will be successful.

### Wants to Look Paler.

M. JOHN C.—I could not advise any one to try to lose color even to be more eligible to office. I think your color will be even a greater inducement to your employer to hire you.

### A High Color.

J. C.—Don't worry about too much color in your cheeks. At all events it will wear away. If the skin is chapped at all, try a cooling cream at night.

## THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"



## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

### Plain Paste.

ONE pint of sifted flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of lard, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1 gill of cold water. Make this the same as you would the delicate paste, with the one exception,

### Gingerbread.

THREE cups flour, 3 eggs, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour cream (if the cream is thick part milk will answer), 1 level

### Bread Pudding.

PLAIN bread, 1 cup milk, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs (white of one saved for frost-

### Walnut Cake.

ONE and one-half cups sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Whites of 4 eggs, 1 cup nuts.

## THE NEW PLAY

Brave Heroine Gives Her Skin to Save "The Man of Her Choice"

THE prize heroine of the season is at the Murray Hill Theatre. "The Man of Her Choice" isn't worth doing. She stops at nothing. When worse comes to worst she doesn't try to save her skin. On the other hand, she gives it freely. Grafting is not unknown to the theatre, but skin-grafting right before your eyes is something of a novelty even to the confirmed patron of melodrama who may think there isn't a thrill left in him.

"The Man of Her Choice" is quite conventional up to a certain point. The hero is poor but honest, but that doesn't prevent him from falling in love with the daughter of his employer, a rich Wall street broker. She no sooner returns his love than trouble begins.

The villain, who loves her for her money alone and who drapes a white silk handkerchief over the front of his open-faced suit just to show that he means to be the best looking, contrives to rob the false-whiskered broker of bonds worth their weight in stage money, and to have the old reliable finger of suspicion point at the innocent hero.

You can follow the plot up to this point with your eyes shut. Here, however, the industrious author humps himself and pulls his plot out of the rut. To carry out his dastardly purpose, the villain enlists the aid of a professional widow and installs her in a narrow-chested flat across the hall from one occupied by the pale hero and his sweet-faced mother. The villain gives the bonds to the professional widow and instructs her to get acquainted with the hero and make it her business to see that he gets caught with the goods. The professional widow says she will do her best, but when the janitor—who doubles in brass buttons as a German come-lan—drops in and tells her that the villain is playing his cards for the broker's daughter, she starts a new deal.

The villain returns from "the club" to find her in a wrapper and an awful frame of mind. She tells him she is

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty, who writes for them. Address: BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1354, New York.

### He Jokes Too Much.

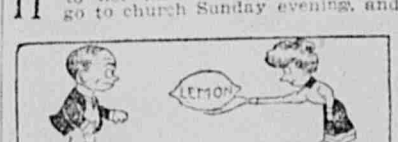
Dear Betty: I LOVE a young man very dearly. He claims to love me, but he gets very angry with me at times because I do not laugh at his jokes. He is



an actor and considered very funny, but I don't want him to be cracking jokes all the time, as I like him much better when he is serious. I tell him so, and he gets angry. Now, what shall I do—laugh with him or give him KITT.

### On Going to Church.

Dear Betty: I HAVE kept company with a dear young lady for a year. Wrote to her last week asking her to go to church Sunday evening, and

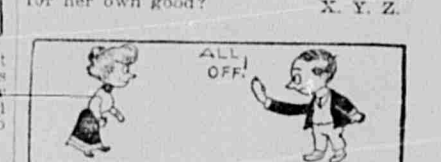


receiving no reply I telephoned to her Saturday evening. She informs me that she received my epistle, but she thought she had another engagement for that evening, but would let me know definitely later in the evening, which she did, and the answer is she has an engagement. On Sunday I saw my boy chum and he tells that the girl in question telephoned to him and

asked him to take her to church. I feel as though she ought to explain, and have not made any attempt to see her. What do you think of my case? A. H.

### How to "Shake" Her.

Dear Betty: I AM a young man of twenty-seven and have been acquainted with a young girl, who is going home from work. She has taken a liking to me and always invites me up to her house. I don't want to waste her time with me, because I do not like her parents' ways about her account. I want her so as not to disappoint her, because I do this for her own good? X. Y. Z.



Tell her the truth about your feelings. But I don't see why you should discard her because you don't like her parents.

### A Chorus Girl Proposed.

Dear Betty: I AM a young man, twenty years of age, and have been going with a chorus girl for several weeks. She says she loves me, and has asked me to marry her, but I think she is a cranky. Would you kindly advise me?



If you don't want to marry the girl you will have to tell her so.

## May Mantons' Daily Fashions.

ELBOW sleeves have become so popular that their usefulness has extended even to the plain waists, and the very latest are shown with such and the roll-over collars that mean slightly open necks. The model illustrated is an admirable one, including in newest features. In the illustration it is made of the old bleached linen that is so durable and so handsome, but is appropriate for Madras, percale, pique, duck and all similar fabrics and can be utilized both for the separate waist and for the entire suit. It will be a favorite for tennis, golf and all similar sports, the elbow sleeves allowing the necessary free movement without the carelessness that comes of the long ones rolled up.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 3/4 yards, 2 1/2 yards, 27 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern 5350 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure.

Shirt Waist with Elbow Sleeves—Pattern No. 5350.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD, MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.